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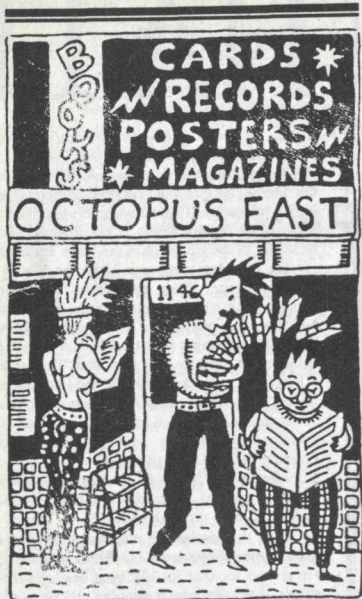
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Ya, I lived through the 60s. So what! For me the 60s were a time of exploration, experimentation and adventure, albeit probably not to the same extent as many others given that I was still in my pre-teen years. No, I don't recall where I was the day John Kennedy died. No, I don't remember seeing the Beatles on the Ed Sullivan. And that Cuban Missile Crisis; what was that all about anyways?

Nowadays, there seem to be a lot of people who have this notion that the 60s were the best of times. A large number of them are middle-aged retreads but many are young 'uns with only second-hand knowledge of this wondrous period. In conjunction with this conception of the 60s as THE TIME comes the opinion that the present is the worst of times. The 80s don't possess the causes that the 60s did, 'the togetherness of that bygone era' and all that. For many, a return to the 60s would be a blessed event.

Let's not fall into a debate over whether the 60s were better than the 80s. Talk about a pointless exercise. The reality is that we live in this time. Period. And we all know nostalgia ain't what it used to be. But let's just mention a few names. John F. Kennedy, dead. Robert Kennedy, dead. Martin Luther King, dead. Oh ya, and one last name: The Beatles. I hate The Beatles.

But why? What have they ever done to you? Good question.

First of all (obviously!), the Beatles were and are (to a greater extent now) respectable. I thought rock 'n' roll was about rebellion, sex and various other delicious sins. The Beatles were four (or was it five? I know one of them died) nice guys in suits. They had their own haircuts and boots. Promptly, millions of automatons began dressing like them and hanging on their every word.

Who are these guys anyway? So they wrote a bunch of songs; some of which I like. But in the final analysis, so what! Oh my gawd! So what! So what?! I'll tell ya so what! These are desperate times. In desperate times we search for something to cling to for guidance or meaning in what seems to be a meandering, meaningless, futile existence. Right, cry me a river. For some, meaning is found in religion or TV or self-actualization. And for others, the meaning lies in the Beatles. All other music becomes bland and pointless. Only the tunes of the Fab Four have true value. They are the modern equivalent of Mozart,

Kids stampede — and 28 die!

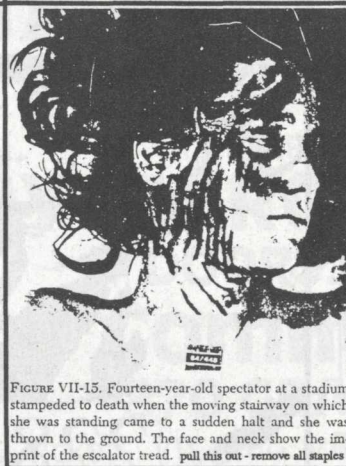


FIGURE VII-15. Fourteen-year-old spectator at a stadium stampeded to death when the moving stairway on which she was standing came to a sudden halt and she was thrown to the ground. The face and neck show the imprint of the escalator tread. pull this out - remove all staples

dude. Dump all you Echo and the Bunnymen or John Cougar or Whitney Houston records. Now buy every single Beatles lp. Get them on CD if you can. Now just listen to the Beatles. Over and over again. Write off all other music as rapid and deleterious to one's spiritual well-being. Desperate measures for desperate times.

I hate the Beatles because there was such a hallelujah when the Sgt. Pepper lp came out on CD. Are people's lives really so meaningless that this could be such a crucial event? Or was it just record company and media manipulation resulting in mass hallucination? I know I instantly scurried out and purchased six copies; one for myself and five to hand out to spiritually lacking acquaintances.

What's the old tasteless joke? What will it take for a Beatles reunion? Three more bullets. Ouch! Thanks a lot, you're a fantastic crowd, but seriously folks, it's a toss up for which remaining Beatle I dislike the most.

If they just lived quietly on their respective estates there would be no problem. But both Paul and George insist on putting out more muzak. Ringo would be OK but he did that wine cooler commercial and the movie "Caveman". And then there's his claim that he is one of the top drummers. It's unclear as to whether he meant in the world, or in the room at the time.

The most serious reason I hate the Beatles is the Manson factor. Sure, the Beatles were harmless enough. But what inspired Charles Manson to embark upon his rampage of blood and mayhem? He picked up messages from the White Album. Specifically important were "Piggies" and "Ichter Skelter" ("Evil lurks in cracks and holes and lives in peoples' minds," - The Poppy Family). The Beatles: harmless or intrinsically evil? Recently, failed Gerald Ford assassin and Manson Family member Squeaky Fromme escaped from prison. Did she head for a 7-11 or the nearest Nuffy's? No, she was apprehended whilst attempting to shoplift a copy of the Beatles' "Rubber Soul". Enough said.

Also, the Beatles are responsible for the outrageous fame and fortune of U2. Think about it. People are always looking for 'the next Beatles'. In other words, they want a band that can elevate to god-like status. U2 is it. Four wholesome, moral guys. Bono is John; the Edge is Paul; Adam is George; and Larry is Ringo. Sorry, Larry. The popularity of U2 would be unthinkable if not for the earlier massive success of the Beatles. The Beatles merchandising onslaught was also the precedent for such recent merchandising phenomena as Star Wars, Mr. T, The Smurfs and every outrageously successful post-Beatles pop and rock act.

Actually, I wouldn't really care about the Beatles if I wasn't suffering from sensory overload. It started with Beatlemania, the play (talk about religious traditions). In addition, commercial radio has 'Beatle breaks', 'Rare Beatle tracks', 'Beatle trivia', 'all Beatle weekends' etc etc ad nauseum. There was even an all Beatles station. Furthermore, Beatles tunes are forever being used in movies and (blasphemy!) commercials. And now we will be afflicted with a TV series in which each episode is based upon a Beatles song.

Is any band, any artist, any god worth all this? It must be some kind of Commie plot to weaken the minds of North Americans. Four musicians have been elevated to a deistic level to be worshipped as some kind of romanticized ideal of the past. Come on. No matter how messed up the present is, it can't help to live in the past.

Let the Beatles die so I can stop hating them. I don't enjoy being a hate-filled man.

Kevin Smith





You do realize, don't you, that nine times out of ten they are out to get you. Those seemingly coincidental misfortunes? They were planned. I know 'cause I know who did it to you and I'm not telling. Remember when you thought your friends were saying things about you behind your back? Nasty things that made you mad? But you couldn't confront them because you weren't sure? Guess what? They're still talking and the talk is nastier than before.

When you hear people laughing do you think they are laughing at you? In most cases they are. When you stop some guy on the street to ask for directions do you ever wonder why he gets that funny look on his face? It's because he thinks you're a dork but he's too nice a guy to tell you so.

You know those lumps you feel in your body every once in a while? It's because of cancer or a brain tumor or worse. Don't think it isn't because you'd only be lying to yourself. And don't bother telling anyone else about your problems because no one cares. You're all alone on this one, Bub. In fact you've been all alone all your life. It's just that you haven't noticed before.

You've got a right to be paranoid. You should be. You're a crashing bore at parties. You say dumber things than you can possibly imagine when you're stoned. I know, 'cause all your friends keep talking about it. Yep, they're still talking. Hey, you know who likes you? NOBODY! The only reason you've still got a job is because your boss takes pity on you. He thinks your work is pathetic but he pays you anyway, because he knows if he fired you, your fragile ego would crack and you'd die, and he doesn't want that on his conscience.

Oh yeah, don't kid yourself. Everybody notices you as you avoid their gaze on the sidewalk, and bury your face in the newspaper on the bus. And you know what else? They talk too! Everyone knows the truth about you.

Aw, don't take it so hard, I'm just kidding! HA HA HA HA HA!

Marky St. George

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Chaos

Could it be the sound of a testimonial dinner gone awry, a Jack Lord inspired roast with a brutally skewered pop culture as the main course? In the midst of a thousand stomach ulcers, the awkward embrace of fist and face ensures that the video console is taken hostage. Cutlery has no choice but to cool its heels, and soon you're forced to gorge instead on a sumptuous visual feast, the one where a clean-shaven young man in a natty housecoat rallies from wasting the evening in bed, and heads out cruisin'. Within seconds he's guiding a sporty import along coastline that could make Monterey blush. Obviously, this can't continue.

Sure enough, the music grows colder. The smug serenity of the driver sets the gleeful cackle of the projectionist off perfectly, and some little brat has pulled the foreshadow alarm that's ringing off the walls of your brain. Your date begins to holler, primly at first, "Turn back! Turn back!" No such luck. Monterey has become Managua, and the one-man tribute to Bond is on the turnpike to Hades. When he's clocked at Daytona pace approaching the army checkpoint, he's in trouble. When he greets the arresting officer while in cognac and slippers, he feels poorly. When it's discovered that the automobile elongs to his next-door neighbour, he definitely regrets that he has but one life to give for his country. An unsatisfying, unseasonal stab at "bumper-skiing" on the road to Soochow pretty much guarantees that it's a time for words, not action, thank you. Even sweating is painful.

In the on-deck circle, an explanation. The lights dim obligingly, and the room quiets. Summoning up the ghosts of Resnais, Godard, Bergman, he demands his captors refill his glass, then turns to address the camera. Gravely, now ...

"When asked if his music was 'about chaos', Bob Dylan replied: 'I accept chaos. Does chaos accept me?' Do you believe, truly believe, gentlemen, that chaos has accepted you, and if so, just what are you going to do to show your goddamn appreciation?" As a voice offscreen informs him that the house is lacking in cognac but a dandy Mouton-Rothschilds 1880 is available, a hand covers the lens and the film is over. Mystified by rewind, the video terrorists decide to lounge around near the back of the hall.

AND THEN...
A FUNNY THING HAPPENED!!!!

As if they have finally, irrevocably, been set free, the long-suffering local music community rises to its feet and begins to chatter loudly. The aisle to the podium resembles a guillotine gangplank as many of Vancouver's very finest struggle with that mellifluous manifesto and what it means to time. And in that struggle there's a sense of discovery, of, oh, elation. Words like "watershed" and "epiphany" manage to squeeze in at the head table.

"It's as if we're the good guys again!!" shouts John Ruskin, caught up in the moment.

"Good guys don't always wear white, John," you shoot back bitterly. Hopefully you weren't referring to his mail-order leisure suit, were you?

The dramamine soothes, the evening blurs. Monday morning finds you exchanging pleasantries with the nice fellow in Returns at Classy Formal Wear. With a knowing glance, he empties the pockets of your tux and hands back two items: the Treasure Chest of Sexy Surprises and a souvenir napkin that's home to a panicked scrawl. You blush (it's a formality around here) and leave, squinting at the napkin, smudges and all:

"... Dylan... 'accept chaos'... Do you believe chaos has accepted you... show your goddamn appreciation!"

What a horrible memory! You rush home and dash off a reply, hoping against hope you haven't missed the March Disorder's deadline.

Michael Dezell

I don't accept Bob Dylan.
JAY SCOTT

Yes, in fact, I'm right at this moment looking up Chaos in my dictionary.

Dave Gregg (DOA guitarist)

We will defeat control at all costs.
Tony Belliveau (DOA defenceman)

Yes and no. I made it to the final interview, then spit in the face of chaos.

Jon Card (DOA drummer)

Fuck no!!! You wanna survive, get by, get ahead within a system, you gotta play by the rules... UNLESS of course that system tends to be chaotic, then you accept it. And if it suits your fancy, fine. If not, counter-chaos; anti-chaos; rebellion... ANARCHY!!!!

Jim (DOA goaltender)

Beats me, but I'm gonna ralph in the name of Vander Zalm anyway.

Sunny Boy Roy (DOA bassist)

We don't trust Bob Dylan because he almost had his head cut off in a motorcycle accident. But if being accepted by KAOS means a chance to kill Don Adams, then we're in!

Curious George

EXISTENCE IS RANDOM. HAS NO PATTERN. SAVE WHAT WE IMAGINE AFTER STARING AT IT FOR TOO LONG.

NO MEANING. SAVE WHAT WE CHOOSE TO IMPOSE.

I DISAGREE!

NAIVETE IS BLISS

OR IS IT ANOTHER RED HERRING?

No. Why?
The Four Ones

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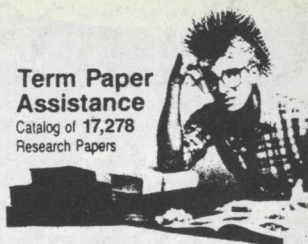
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WHY ALL THIS HYSTERIA ABOUT DRUGS?

Dear Airhead,

I would like to add a point to last month's anarchy issue. The decentralized, libertarian principles of anarchy appear admirable in theory. But, while fusing the classes and collapsing the corrupt power structure which our government so haplessly represents, another more extreme form of government would arise. Our basic capitalist pattern would emerge from the morally bankrupt swine who have power, guns, security, material independence and influence over the miserable wretches who work for them. Even the sometimes desirable chaos of anarchy wouldn't change our modern survival instincts. Survival is a natural phenomenon and nature always takes the path of least resistance.

D. Robinson

"WE NEED TO DESTROY THE SOVIET UNION"

There are no Russians in the twentieth century. Only if you walk with chaos. You know who you are and I'm talking to you; and you know that you know the answers, so speak up, sonny boy, or you will be in chaos. Walk with chaos or you will die, and sizzle like an egg.

We'll drop you like a bad habit, and if you don't drop, you will be the luckiest man on the face of the earth. And you will never win a war again. You'll be in pain screaming for your mother. Your eyes will be poked out, so when an American sneaks up behind you, you won't even know he's there! You will die soon if you don't get your eyes fixed, Cross-eyes. Learn fast, slow learners. You in the twentieth century.

The Russians will go to hell with Hitler, just as Hitler did. They will lose the war. Yes, they will lose the war. No one will survive. Your babies will die, and you will die. No one will survive. You will melt into a puddle. No bones will be there. You will melt, melt, melt, like my sister's hand did when she put it on the skillet. You will melt, melt, and never be alive again. You will be in agony for the rest of your life. You'll never live to learn a single thing about the twentieth century, boy.

Your babies will die, and you will die, and no one will survive. So don't moan, because if you do, your new house will be destroyed. And no one will survive. And you will die. Your babies will die. And you will die. Your girlfriends will die. You in the Soviet Union. The Federal Bureau of Investigation won't even know you lived there. You in the Soviet Union. You'll go to hell just like Hitler did. And you will join him in agony for the rest of your life.

Listen up, pervert. You will die, die, die. See? You're scared. You're lying there scared. You're worried about World War Three. There won't be anybody left to worry about — when it's all over. We will all go down to the devil. You want to understand what MTV is. If you live to tell about it. You will finally understand that we don't want to hurt you. But if you start a war, we'll end it. And it will end you, too!

The Human Scab (age 12, seriously)

THE STAR SPANGLED BANNER (as interpreted by CULTURICIDE)

Oh say can you see in the blinkless electron gun eye of the mainstream media mirage that what we hail are hallucinations of authority and progress and righteousness with which sweet and stern voices have captivated and conditioned millions of human creatures stipulating in them the passive acceptance of technological disruption and destruction of our histories, of our histories, of the possibilities of alternative ways of being, whose seven stripes are broken swastikas, whose fifty stars are black holes sucking two hundred million atomized existences into the daily routine of the human herd of hamsters rolling the great wheels of the death machine squeaking at the shocks and nibbling at the cheese and reciting and discussing and delighting in their mutually shared programming history, and their lives and their jobs, their ignorance, their endless pointless forward creeping, their glorious glad-nosed dive into their paycheques' pleasures, into an ecstatic emptiness, a glowing parking lot full of businessmen, conspiring and occluding on the big dream, the big lie, the big nauseating scream splitting nightmare of BUSINESS AMERICA, MEDIA AMERICA, CORPORATE AMERICA, CONSUMER AMERICA, FACIST AMERICA.

Was it murder?

BABOON GIRL

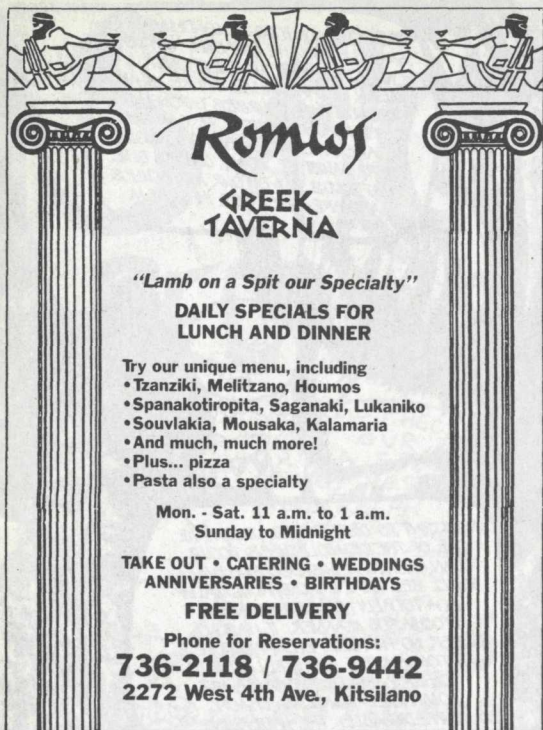
MARRIES

space alien

Kid

Hitler's army

doomed



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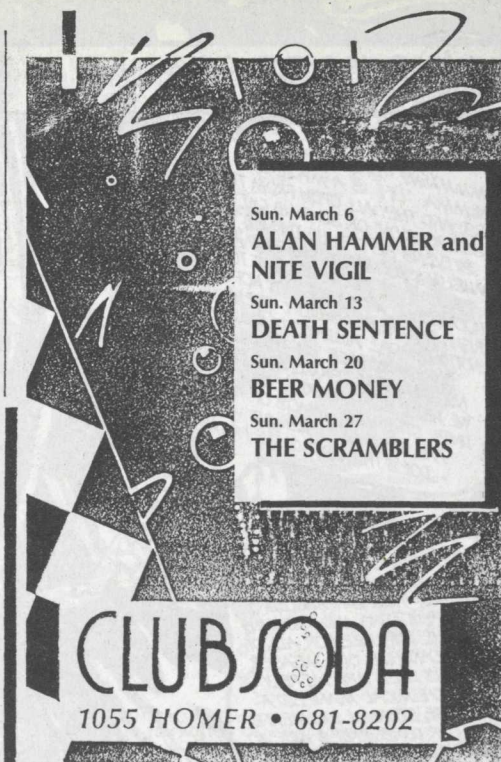
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ARNOLD HAS STRUCK AN UN-TOUCHED NERVE...

HMMMMMM? CONSIDER OUR DILEMMA. LIFE IS A MAZE OF DOORS, AND THEY ALL OPEN FROM THE SIDE 'OUR OWN' OR SO SAID GAT STEVENS BEFORE HE TURNED MUSLIM. SO LONG AS WE REMAIN FREE, WE'RE GIVEN THE RIGHT TO CHOOSE AND UNCHOOSE. MAY NOT BE RIGHT, THE RESPONSIBILITY THERE IS NOTHING MORE ALLURING TO US THAN OUR CONSCIENCE, BUT THERE IS NOTHING MORE TORMENTING EITHER. WE NEED SOME SORT OF UNIVERSAL UNITY. OTHERWISE, CHAOS OF THE BODY AND SPIRIT GRIPS US. BUT WHERE DOES THIS UNITY COME FROM?

IMMORTALITY ACTUALLY EXISTS. IT'S IN THE ATOMS AND MOLECULES WHICH COMPOSE US. THESE PARTICLES HAVE BEEN CIRCULATING AND RECYCLING THROUGHOUT THE UNIVERSE FOR ALL OF ETERNITY. MEANWHILE, OUR MEAGER BUT PRECIOUS LIVES ARE MERELY FLEETING BIOCHEMICAL MANIFESTATIONS OF THOSE ETERNAL ELEMENTS. NO WONDER OUR CONSCIENCES ARE SO PLAGUED. THEIR EXISTENCES ARE SO FINITE, THEIR ESSENCES INFINITE.

DOES LIFE HAVE PURPOSE? MEANING? DO WE SIMPLY LIVE AND BREATHE FOR A SHORT TIME, SO THAT THESE IMMORTAL MOLECULES THAT COMPOSE US CAN TEMPORARILY GAIN MOBILITY AND THIS CYCLE AROUND MORE EASILY. COULD THIS BE ALL THERE IS TO IT?

IF SO, THEN WHY DO WE CONTINUALLY GRAPPLE WITH THE UNKNOWN? WHY DO WE ASK THESE BIG QUESTIONS? I MEAN WE ARE ALIVE. THERE IS AN ESSENCE THAT COURSES THROUGH US. A LIFE FORCE. A SPIRIT. WE CAN THINK WE ARE AWARE OF BEING AWARE. THERE MUST BE SOME COSMIC GLUE THAT BINDS ALL OF OUR MOLECULES AND BREATHES LIFE INTO THEM.

THIS ISN'T TO DENY CHAOS. JUST TAKE ONE OF THESE MOLECULES, FOCUS DOWN ON IT TO A MICROSCOPIC LEVEL. YOU'LL SEE THAT IT ACTS INDIVIDUALLY IN A TOTALLY NON-DETERMINISTIC, STOCHASTIC MANNER. IT HAS NO ORDER, NO PURPOSE. EVERY PARTICLE'S MOTION AND THE WAY IT RELATES TO OTHER PARTICLES IN SPACE IS COMPLETELY RANDOM. CHAOTIC, UNPREDICTABLE. THE UNDERLYING MICROSCOPIC TRUTH IS SIMPLE AND PURE. WE ARE COMPOSED OF DISORDER.

BUT WHERE FROM ALL THIS RANDOMNESS BREATHES THE ORDER THAT SUSTAINS US MACROSCOPICALLY? AT WHICH POINT DOES THIS MICROSCOPIC CHAOS FUSE SUDDENLY INTO SOMETHING COMPARATIVELY HUGE, APPARENTLY ORDERED. HOW IS IT THAT TRILLIONS OF THESE CHAOTIC LONERS CAN COME TOGETHER IN THE GRASP OF A SINGLE, INTERDEPENDENT LIVING, BREATHING ENTITY? WHEN DOES IT BECOME YOU? WHEN DOES IT BECOME ME? I'M LOOKING FOR ANSWERS.

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AND RALPH
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AND I SAW A DOOR IN HEAVEN AND HEARD
THE SAME VOICE SPEAKING THE VOICE
LIKE A TRUMPET SAYING "COME UP AND
I WILL SHOW YOU WHAT IT IS TO COME
TO THE FUTURE"



JOHN FLUEVOG

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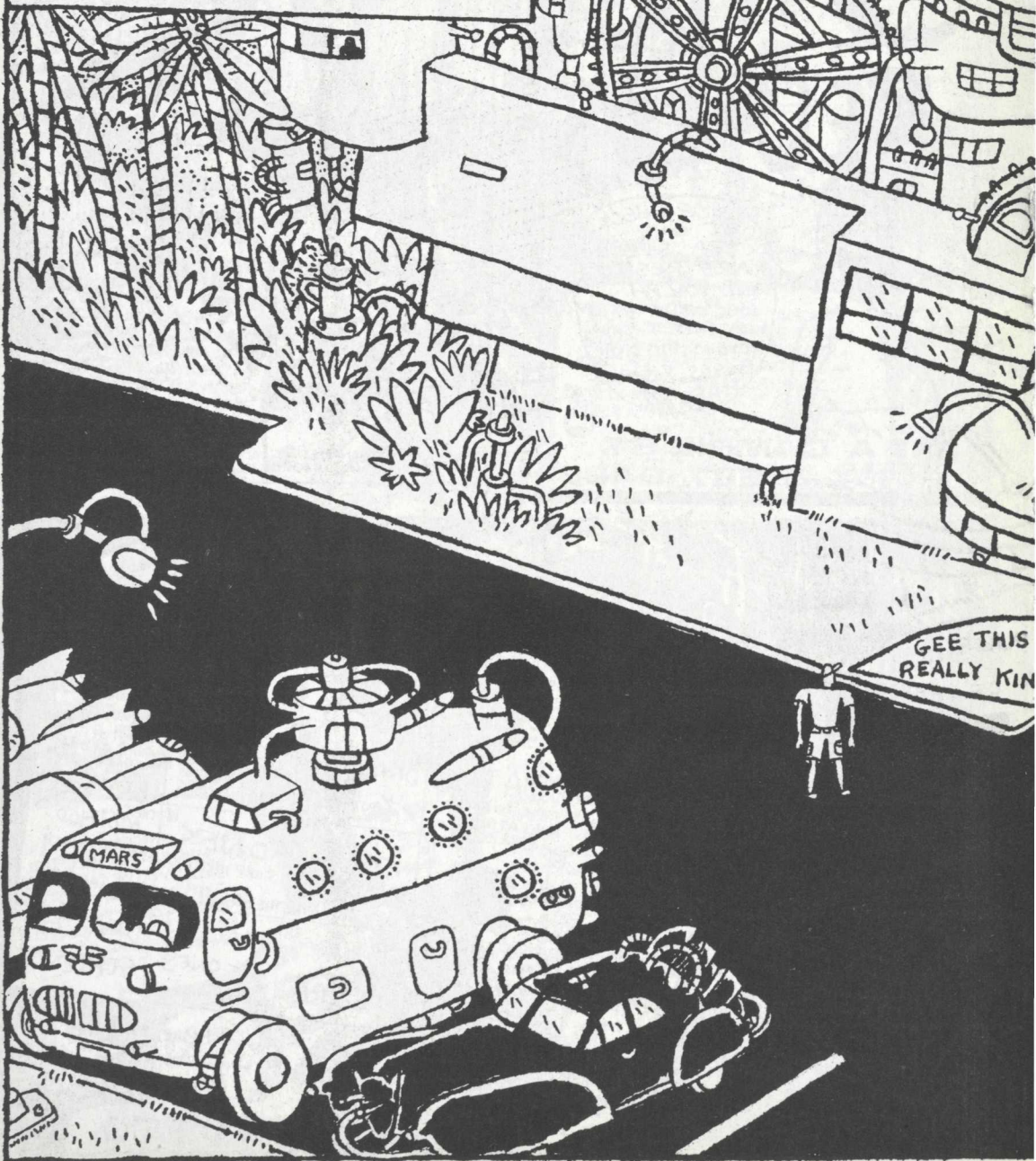


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20 Silent Gathering and BRIDE STRIPPED BARE	21 Billy Regan with the NAKED CROWS	22 VANCOUVER'S FIRST PUNK JAM NIGHT	23 TANX ALBATROS	24 HONES SICKONES ONE HITTERS	25 DEATH SENTENCE
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[illegible]

CHAPTER 16
MY DESTINATION FINALLY
CAUGHT UP WITH ME.



-pull this out - remove all staples -pull this out - remove all staples -pull this out - remove all staples -pull this out - remove all staples

[illegible]

© OTTO

pull this out - remove all staples - pull this out - remove all staples - pull this out - remove all staples - pull this out - remove all staples - pull this out -

WAYNE HORVITZ This New Generation Electra Musician

Wayne Horvitz' new LP features many artists from the New York 'avant-garde' circles, among them Elliott Sharp, Doug Wieselmann and Bill Frisell. The result is a 'state of the art' project which, like Sharp's and Frisell's work, illustrates the tension, energy, and dynamics of being part of such a tight creative circle in a city as frenetic as New York. Like his contemporaries, Horvitz displays a flavorful blending of styles, ranging from jazz to country(!) to more straightforward electronic music. Ultimately, his album stands as another unique signature on this contemporary urban scene. It's interesting, too.

Kirby Hill

GAYE BYKERS ON ACID Drill Your Own Hole

Out of time, out of here, out of place — The Zen Express has arrived in Stooze/Steppenwolf heaven. Two reactions are possible, both of them screamed: #1 (with nose in the air disgust) "Aaugh, is this really necessary?" #2 (in a tend to the latter. Yes, the Lord's Prayer is backing Cheap Trick tried a decade ago. Highlight and we suspect the engineer was bound and gagged with gaffing tape.

JB Hohm

ANNIE ANXIETY BANDEZ jackamo

"here comes funky jackamo and the leper brigade, suddenly..." Kind of like the Banshees' songs *Obsession*, *Cocoon*, and *Circle* from the album *A Kiss in the Dreamhouse*. But no grease-paint vocals from Siouxsie, thank you. Ms. A A Bandez sounds like a cross between the girl from twenty minute workout, Carma Miranda, and Patti Smith. Okay — one more misleading comparison: *The End*, by the Doors. Album highlighted by the track *One Mourning* (for Marvin Gaye).

JB Hohm

KING MISSILE (dog fly religion) Fluting on the Hump

Velvet Underground acoustic guitar, dirge harmonica, and lyrics like: He stumbled/ crawled towards Dave's on Jeanette/ Climbed into a booth/ Insisted on looking at the menu for 6 minutes/ 37 seconds, every day/ Even though he always ordered bacon & eggs, toast & coffee/ This morning he also ordered water/ But he didn't drink any of it/ It was Thursday, April 20, 1967/ He was waiting for something to happen/ As he was waiting for something to evaporated/ some people were born/ some were married/ a star exploded/ a friend of his threw his last forkful of eggs/ A fly sitting directly opposite him died/ He left Daves, headed north/ Not much else happened the rest of the day/ Had he known it was Hitler's birthday/ He would not have celebrated

JB Hohm

VARIOUS ARTISTS Writing-on-Stone, The Alberta Compila- tion

Rubber Records

Different cultures communicate to times present and future in different ways. *Writing-On-Stone* is a Provincial Park in southern Alberta where, for centuries, native Indians have been carving pictographs into the sandstone cliffs. The carvings are significant for personal and shared experiences and events. They embody the native mythology and mystical beliefs. By calling this compilation *Writing-On-Stone* the people at Rubber Records have set up an interesting parallel. W-O-S is twelve songs from a broad swath of the current Alberta band scene. There's the hardcore of Broken Smile, the goody sounds of Colour Me Psycho and The Ted Clark Five, the trash metal of Disciples of Power and the quasi-gothic sounds of Shadow Project (what no reggae in Alta?). Just as the marks on the stones speak so do these songs. While none of them are exactly cutting edge stuff there is no doubt that Calgary and Edmonton have got healthy, vibrant music scenes right now. The cuts hit and run where they should and with twelve bands you gotta know this is a good deal.

Mark Quail

OOOPS! We screwed up and didn't credit Stewart McKenzie for his painful "Ice-cold iron bars" for his cartoon in last month's issue. We also didn't give Dietrich Madsen Proper credit for his cover. Sorry! Sorry! Sorry!

David Savory

TOM WAITS Frank's Wild Years

This is a dusty album. You can hummer to "Straight to the Top," polka to "I'll Be Gone," lurch and lurch to the Top, "Christopher," marvel at the asymmetric but amusing "Please Wake me Up" chorale at Frankie's long time buddies and sing "Innocent in Jail" while you Why? You could even get drunk with you Gramma and his legion buddies and sing "Innocent in Jail" while you Dream", and then do "More than Rain" in full voice. You're there, "Cold Cold Ground" and "Train Song" will convince you that this is indeed a sad and beautiful world. If you can get past Tom's voice (which makes Iggy Pop and Darby Crash sound like Nona Monkstoun) and the accordions and vice, you'll realize that Tom can mix squalor and vice, and create music that is both dilapidated and exotic. Too cool.

THE NONESUCH EXPLORER SERIES voix bulgares dances of the world Idjahn hadidjah

The Nonesuch Explorer series is having its second wave, with three excellent new releases among them is a re-release of *Le Mystere Des Voix Bulgares*, an excellent collection of traditional Bulgarian vocal music with contemporary overtones.

The aptly titled *Dances of the World* is also a compilation, featuring an eclectic selection of traditional music for dance. Selections come from various regions including Africa and the Far East. Particularly notable is from *Idjahn Hadidjah*, a singer from Indonesia who works with a new style of music called Jaipong. Entitled *Tongerret*, it contains some of the most exotic and flavorful 'cultural' music in recent releases point to the fact that some of the best contemporary music, still emerges intact from traditional cultures.

Kirby Hill

remove all staples - pull this out - remove all staples - pull this out - remove all staples - pull this out -

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CONFUSED? GOOD. WE'RE TOGETHER AT LAST. CALL IT THE HUMAN CONDITION. REMEMBER THE SEARCH FOR TRUTH? FOR MEANING? REMEMBER THE MAZE OF DOORS? CONSIDER THE BLEEDING OBVIOUS. FIVE BILLION OF US ON THIS PLANET, AND NO TWO ALIKE, BUT ALL OF US SIMILAR.

FROM YOUR ANGLE? TO BE LIKE YOU, THE HU-MAN? !? TO LAUGH! TO FEEL! ? TO WANT! ?? WHY... MY BODY IS ENGULFED IN EMOTION!

WE HUMAN BEINGS AND OUR RELATIONSHIP WITH LIFE (WITH CHAOS, WITH MYSTERY) AND WITH THE ESSENTIAL QUEST FOR PURPOSE IT INSPIRES, MAY BE VERY MUCH LIKE OUR INDIVIDUAL MOLECULES. THE MOLECULE'S GOAL AS IT ATTEMPTS TO INTERACT WITH ITS EXTERNAL ENVIRONMENT IS TO BE INCORPORATED INTO SOME KIND OF HUGE, INDEFINABLE SYSTEM, TO FIND SOME SORT OF USEFUL PLACE, TO MOVE BEYOND CHAOS. OF COURSE, IT CAN'T COMPREHEND THE BROAD SCHEME. JUST HOW MINUTE A PIECE IN THE PUZZLE OF LIFE IT REALLY IS.

DRIVEN BY HUNGER, BY FEAR, BY HATE, OCCASIONALLY BY VIRTUE, SOME OF US HAVE RELIGION. ALL OF US, SAVE THE INSANE, HAVE FAITH. THE FAITH IT TAKES TO GET OUT OF BED IN THE MORNING, TO RISK GRAVITY FOR ANOTHER DAY, TO RISK SIDEWALKS, BUSES, AUTOMOBILES, ACID RAIN, ROOFTOP SNIPERS AND CAR BOMBS, IN THE FAITH TO RISK OTHER PEOPLE. IN ALL OUR UNIQUE COMPLEXITY COULD IT BE THERE'S A PRE-SET PURPOSE OR ORDER TO THE EVENT? IT SHAPE OUR LIVES AND GHOSTS? A DESTINY?

THIS POSSIBILITY IS SO OMINOUS IT HURTS. THAT BREATH YOU JUST TOOK? IT WAS PLANNED LONG AGO AND FAR AWAY, PROGRAMMED BY GOD'S UNSEEN HAND. SO WAS THIS SENTENCE, AND YOUR READING IT, AND THIS ONE, TOO. AND IF YOU THINK THIS IS ALL A LOAD OF PRETENTIOUS TRIFE, AND YOU'RE MOVED TO TRASH THE WHOLE MAGAZINE, WELL, DON'T GO THINKING IT'S AN ORIGINAL ACTION. THINK OF IT. FIVE BILLION PEOPLE. FIVE BILLION SEPARATE PERSONALITIES. LIFE HISTORIES. FIVE BILLION SEPARATE ATTITUDES. COULD IT ALL BE PRE-ORDAINED, ALREADY IMAGINED, ALREADY WRITTEN? DON'T THINK TOO HARD. IT WILL HURT, MUCH AS IT WOULD HURT ONE OF OUR AFOREMENTIONED MICROSCOPIC MOLECULES WERE IT TO TRY TO IMAGINE (ASSUMING IT COULD IMAGINE) ITS PLACE IN THE ORDERED ORGANISM THAT IS A LIVING, BREATHING HUMAN BEING. EVERY MOLECULE THAT COMPRISES US BEHAVES IN AN APPARENTLY INDIVIDUAL MANNER, SOMEWHAT ANALAGOUS TO THE WAY FIVE BILLION SOULS SOMEHOW INTERACT TOGETHER. ARE WE GOING IN CIRCLES?

NOR FOR THAT MANNER CAN IT COMPREHEND HOW EVERY MINUTE PIECE (EVEN ITSELF) IS IMPORTANT, MAY, INTEGRAL TO THE INTRICATE FUNCTIONING OF THE UNIMAGINABLY LARGE WHOLE. THE TOE BONE'S CONNECTED TO THE FOOT BONE, AND THE FOOT BONE'S CONNECTED TO THE ANKLE BONE, AND THE ANKLE BONE'S CONNECTED TO... WE'RE ONLY AS STRONG AS THE WEAKEST LINK IN THE CHAIN.

THE MORAL? HOW ABOUT: ALL THINGS EVENTUALLY MAKE SENSE? NO, TOO VAGUE. HOW ABOUT: ALL APPARENT RANDOMNESS AND CHAOS IS BUT A TINY OBSCURED CHUNK OF A MUCH LARGER, SENSIBLE ORDER? SORRY, WRONG EMPHASIS. HMMMMMM? SCRATCH. SCRATCH. HOW ABOUT: IT'S NOT THE WHOLE THAT MATTERS, BUT THE ESSENTIAL INDIVIDUALISM OF ALL ITS PIECES, NO MATTER HOW TINY, FOCUS ON THIS AND THE REST FOLLOWS. YA, I LIKE THAT ONE. OF COURSE, I COULD BE WRONG.

Text: Michael Grigg

-pull this out - remove all staples -

-pull this out - remove all staples - pull this out

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When you say chaos, do you mean A) the chaos a tornado might spread as it rakes through a quiet trailer park; or do you mean B) something bigger, more all-encompassing, galaxies and universes full of deep and heavy questions which go on forever and then some (I'm talking BIG!!!)? Chaos A - the definable one - doesn't accept anybody. It just eats them. Physically, mentally, psychically. We're talking something ugly, mean and carnivorous. Chaos B on the other hand appears to encompass pretty much everything: good and bad, order and disorder, rhyme and reason (why not call it God? or Bob? Chester or Sam? What's wrong with Eric?); and given this, then I guess I've got a lot of evidence to support acceptance. I'm male. I'm North American, English speaking, Caucasian. I live in one of the most beautiful (and friendly) cities in the world - where the air is mostly breathable, the water mostly drinkable, the weather mostly survivable. I have a job I like. I'm healthy, both mentally and physically (I think). I still know how to laugh. I'm not disfigured. My parents kissed me alot more often than they beat me. I always got lots of presents at Christmas. This list goes on. Chaos (or whoever/whatever) has thrown me a privileged hand (so far!). Like it or not, I was born into an elite (and what's not to like? Liberal guilt is far easier to suffer than hunger anyway).

As for appreciation, I have fun, and I'd like to have more fun in the future, so I act accordingly. And what's fun? Well, think back to when you were a kid, to before the day some asshole put it in your head that you'd someday have to work for a living, and that that couldn't possibly be fun. What was it you had to give up in order to accept this new reality? No doubt, it was some kind of playtime which involved a fusion of adventure (danger) and security (safety). Imagine a future where technology (robotics, cybernetics etc) takes on more and more of society's dull and ugly chores. Imagine more and more people finding themselves freed from the reality of workaday lives, of wage slavery. Imagine them scratching their heads and wondering what to do with all this good old fashioned playtime they suddenly have on their hands again. Imagine the kind of Evolution we've all got in store for us, and how very much fun it could be. It's happening already, even as you breathe.

Consider chaos the inspiration. What was the question again?

Bill Mullan

Despair no more

I licked
Satan's

killer blood

"Mom! Dad!" William screamed from upstairs, "There's blood coming out of the sink!"
"What?" Mom shouted. She, Dad and I had just sat down to breakfast, and the last thing any of us wanted to deal with was another of his childish pranks. Needless to say, William, being almost eleven, was going through one of those phases. "Blood!" he shouted and he came running down the stairs. "It's coming up through the drain. We can't stop it, it's going to overflow." "My God," Mom exclaimed, suddenly taking him seriously when she noticed his hands were covered in red stuff. None of us wasted another second. We left breakfast to cool on the table and enough, when we got into the bathroom, blood was spilling all over the place gurgling up out of not only the sink, but also the toilet and the bathtub as well. Paula was on the floor, only making matters worse by trying to mop up the mess with Mom's very best white towels. This was too much for Mom who puts a lot of thought and energy into keeping her house clean and impressive. She collapsed into a dead faint and would have hit the floor hard had I not been there to catch her.

"I'll call the plumber," dad said and he ran to the nearest phone.
I eased Mom into a chair in the hallway, made sure she was breathing properly, then ran back downstairs to check the other drains. They were all bleeding, too: the laundry room, the spare washroom, the kitchen sink and the dishwasher. Needless to say, we were all at a loss as to what to do. Dad tried six different plumbers but all he got were answering machines; Mom was still groggy, and not making much sense as she mumbled excerpts from Lady Macbeth's monologue (her dream had always been to be an actress in the theater); William was running around taking pictures of everything with the instamatic camera he'd got for his birthday; and Paula had gone to her room deciding the whole situation was simply too gross. This might appear self-centered of her, but when you bear in mind she was only fourteen and having a tough time at school, it's kind of understandable.

Meanwhile, the blood just kept gurgling and gurgling, pooling up in the downstairs and rapidly filling up the whole level. Pretty soon it was ankle deep. Then knee deep. Dad wanted to open the doors and let it spill outside, but Mom, suddenly lucid, stopped him at the last moment. "I will not let you do that, Lloyd. What would the neighbours think?" - which was a very good point. Just imagine the embarrassing situation that we'd be in, having to explain to our friends and neighbours what thousands of gallons of fresh blood were doing spilling out of our house.

Pretty soon the blood was up to our shoulders (over William's head, but he was standing on a chair), so we all retreated back upstairs. Mom started praying and Paula came out of her room to join her. William and I started playing baggamon to take our minds off the situation; and Dad just kept on calling plumbers.

Fifteen minutes later, it was ankle deep upstairs, and showing no signs of abating. Then it was knee deep, then waist deep. William had to stand on a chair again. Paula started to cry. She had a date with Gary Denbury that night and would obviously have to miss it if she was drowned in blood. Dad took her aside, put his arm around her and said, "Calamity is the perfect glass wherein we truly see and know ourselves." These words of wisdom calmed her down a bit, but they did nothing to stop the blood which was now amputi deep.

I was just starting to lose hope myself when the phone rang. Figuring it was one of the plumbers returning Dad's call, I grabbed the phone. "Hello," I said.

"Is this the Jones?" a strange, somehow distant voice asked.

"Yes," I said and then there followed a long ominous silence. "Hello?" I said.

"You're up to your amputis in blood. How does that make you feel?"

"Not very good," I replied.

"Lucky it's just a metaphor," the voice snapped, and the line cut dead. Then suddenly

there was a loud sucking sound, and a blinding flash of pure white light, and all the blood was gone. Every last bit of it. Poof. Just like that. Even Mom's towels were no longer stained. Well, needless to say, we all heaved a great sigh of relief.

"Fucking wild!" William exclaimed as he jumped off his chair.

"Watch your language, young man!" Dad scolded, but I could tell he was too relieved to be angry.

As we had already missed most of first class, we kids took the rest of the morning off school. Dad stayed home from work, too, and Mom cancelled her hair appointment. For the first time in a long time, we sat together as a family and just talked. Funny how it takes extreme circumstances to really bring people together. To this day, we still can't figure it out. It's like it never happened except all five of us remember it. Can five people hallucinate exactly the same thing? I doubt it. But what other explanation is there? And what did that guy mean by us being lucky it was just a metaphor?

GUILTY
Teens

DUCK WORLD

ATE

2-headed Mom

suicide

murder

death

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it
looks like a full-throttle
walk on the beach.

an ecstasy of PCP

Heironymus Bosch
and like

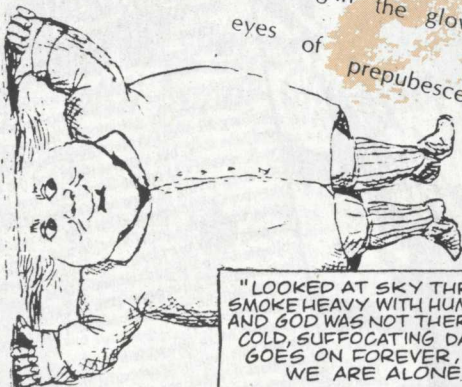
a severed trip
skulls under the

while staring at hideous mutants
and nightmares

of deception.

If not id standing in the glowing
eyes of

prepubescent
dementia



"LOOKED AT SKY THROUGH
SMOKE HEAVY WITH HUMAN FAT
AND GOD WAS NOT THERE. THE
COLD, SUFFOCATING DARK
GOES ON FOREVER, AND
WE ARE ALONE."

u r b a n



w a v e s

A FESTIVAL OF VANCOUVER COMPOSERS

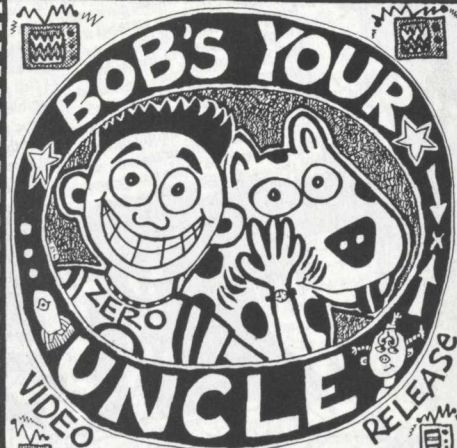
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Records, Calhoun & Kof, Fred, Rick, John,
Cafe Zen, Calhoun & Kof, and the rest
of these funky type sheets (and them).

"LIVE OUR LIVES, LACKING ANYTHING BETTER TO DO. DEVISE REASON LATER."

Chaos neither accepts nor refuses. To be a part of chaos or not is up to the individual. I am not as chaotic as I'd like to be -- appreciation of chaos is to embody chaos.

Justin Van Gogh (Stick Figures)

"BORN FROM OBLIVION; BEAR CHILDREN, HELL-BEARS AS OURSELVES; GO INTO OBLIVION."

I love chaos. It loves me. I live blindly from day to day, accepting my chaotic surroundings with blissful ignorance of the total picture. I don't want to see the total picture; just the bits shown to me in my own experience are enough to keep me happy.

Paula (CITR)

I only accept chaos that is organized. Such chaos is certain to accept me.

Don Chow

"THERE IS NOTHING ELSE."

The interpretation of uncertainty as the chaos of hope reflects the constant state of change which acts as the basic characteristic of the cosmos. This constant change, this constant transexpansion in all directions can be seen as a model for being independent from the memory of both past and future amenities. One's experiences do not have to be restricted to those which are visible, audible and palpable.

G.X. Jupitter-Larsen (The Haters)

KAOS: To embrace Kaos is the intrepid playboy attempting to sandwich himself between Winney Houston and her lesbian lover: an act of degradation, self denial and rejection for at every turn ORDER in all its disguises prevails. ... order, the intrinsic weakness, the vile underside of a Vanderzalm shoe caked with shit ... order fucking prevails just around every corner.

12 Midnite

We'd rather not accept chaos, but when we're writing we can't get him off our back. A little melody, a little bastardized rawk 'n' rowl, and pretty soon you've got Oversoul Seven's very own version of Phoenix Rising. That's chaoticity.

Oversoul Seven (over the phone)

If chaos is god's body (as some not yet dead American once rote) and order is the devil's chains, somebody has a lot of explaining to do. Chaotic is my personal favorite brand of a lot of things. Especially laundry soap. Think on it. Think like MacBeth. Gore Crows. Popcorn cups. Menstrual stains. Oranges with smiles cut out on the skins. Mike Dennis stuffed. Free lunch for card carrying members. Boston free shadows. Cheap toothpaste. Expensive grout. Lunch at the Hyatt Regency. Not free. EAT AT FATS. EAT AT FATS. EAT AT FATS. EAT AT FATS. EAT ONLY SPATS. (Chaos is out to lunch but will be back at seven.)

Anonymous (New Sounds Gallery)



Ya, fer sure, I guess, well, I dunno, eh? Chaos, eh? Hmmmm? I discovered Belgian coins in my sofa once. 15 francs worth. No idea how it got there either. Is this chaos? I'm not sure. But I do know I don't know what to do with 15 Belgian francs. I'm actually all for chaos if it doesn't interfere with my postal delivery.

Colin Upton (The Socialist Turtle)

chaos is a subjective measuring of a cross-section of entropy. entropy is meant to be surfed on. the multidimensional thinker surfs on entropy and enjoys the ride.

blackhumour

Answer A: Gee, Mike, I really think answering this question might harm my reputation, I mean, what about all those kids who look up to me?

Answer B: Sure, Chaos has accepted me. Because concepts essential to the maintaining of Order, like objective truth, have been progressively disintegrating under the weight of human nature, nearly all we do as humans increases the totality of chaos. Because I choose NOT to place a large calibre handgun between my teeth, point it at an angle greater than 36 (after all, I don't want to explode my nose) then blow half of my brain out the top of my fucking head, I guess I'm choosing to participate in the chaos. Because I'm participating, I'm accepted, Chaos having won over will. And there is really no appreciation necessary, because nothing has been gained. Besides, I think there are enough people out there playing golf already. I mean, the game of golf is known to be man's greatest gift to chaos.

Jason Grant (Gangland Artists)

Perhaps you are looking on too small a time scale to see the grand evolutionary pattern of higher consciousness and higher intelligence ever emerging. Perhaps you are too attached to the superficial and temporary, and regard each setback as total defeat, without seeing that intelligence always wins in the long run. Copernicus couldn't publish in his lifetime, Bruno was burned at the stake, Galileo was condemned and placed under house arrest, etc., but the new astronomy finally triumphed over the Catholic orthodoxy. Dr. Reich died in prison of a broken heart, because he believed that those who jailed him really were in control and, hence, saw himself as a victim of injustice. Dr. Leary stayed high (through a sentence nine times longer than Reich's) because he knew that, even in prison, even in the solitary-confinement cell at the bottom of the maximum building in Folsom, he was more in control than his persecutors. He knew that because his ideas were creating the future; whereas the gang who locked him up can't even control the present, which is, in fact, falling apart all around them.

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EACH PASSING
MOMENT MORE
FRIGHTENING AND
GROTESQUE...

Dear Airhead:

In these modern times when days get long and people get more confused day by day, we all turn to God for help. Many of us have been faithful and dedicated since we can remember, but what happens when you come out into reality and see where we are going. I hope you will publish this in your next issue and let them know:

I smashed my mirror
And ripped my tie
Held back the tears
And listened to the lies.

And she said why all the tears
When God's people know its near
But we will never know
Until they start the show.

Come and take a stand with me
I'm just like you I want to be free
We will go where no one's been
A place in this world I have never seen.

And she said there's no need for fear
Soon he will be here.
And he will know
When to start the show.

Kazy

A 23 SECOND INTERVIEW WITH MURRAY OF GUADALCANAL DIARY

Have you ever heard of Jello Biafra?

Yes, but I'm not interested in using music as a political tool.

Is Guadalcanal Diary a rock 'n' roll group, a concept, or do you play guitar?

Yes, Yes, Yes.

How many original songs do you have?

About three albums' worth of material.

Do you like sweat?

Whether I like it or not, I'm stuck with it.

John Ruskin



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—William Wolf, GANNETT NEWS SERVICE

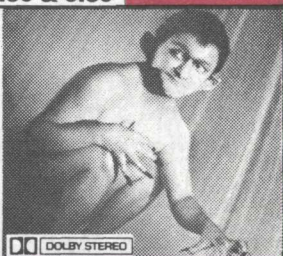
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—Chris Chase, NEW YORK DAILY NEWS

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animation

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WINTER OF HATE

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DEAR DISORDER:

I used to stick up for your mag when anyone would say it was just drivel, but I'm afraid I must now join their swelling ranks. These "theme" issues are a real DRAG! Topics like sex, drugs, and religion are fairly well-travelled territories and have been examined more creatively and thoughtfully by just about everyone. By flinging "heavy" quotes around and dropping words like "dogmatic" and "hypotactic" (?), the mock-earnest scribbling becomes quite laughable.

It is also apparent that in the process of acquiring a new editor, Disorder has managed to lose most of it's decent writers and artists. From reading Mr. Mullan's recent columns, I assume he has had a lobotomy; his tediously thick-witted dissertations go around in circles and then lead back to his own personal, boring experiences. It's obvious that "Armchair Eye" was more his speed, not editing.

Where Disorder once used to be fresh, funny, and often a little rude, it is now painfully self-centered and ineffectually striving to be up-to-the-minute hip. It's not even worth bending down to pick it up anymore. Oh well...

SINCERELY
RUSTY THE ROOSTER

Airhead,

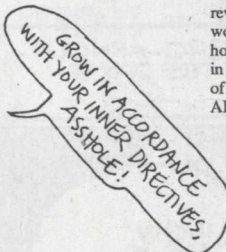
I am shocked, appalled...nay, disgusted by the defamation rampant in the pages of your magazine. In your Jan.'88 issue there was a list of the soaps of the stars in which I was accredited as a user of Pears soap. This is blatantly untrue. The compiler of the list, Nadine the Human Napkin or toilet paper or whatever has misrepresented me (as well as misspelled my name!) in the worst way. I do not use Pears. I ceased to purchase it when I discovered the company tested their products on animals, as with many larger and more familiar multi-national corporations. I immediately switched soap. I now use Kappus, a German brand, which I have been assured is not tested on animals (only young children).

Yours Antibacterially,
Blair Petrie (Ultramarine)

AIRHEAD

c/o CTR
6136 SUB Blvd.
Vancouver, B.C.
V6T 2A5

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Dear Airhead,

Some random thoughts on leafing through a stack of Disorders picked up during a recent sojourn in Vancouver:

- the ink still runs all over fingers, clothes, furniture etc - Bill Mullan got it right in the January issue: Led Zep was (is?) a great band; Sign O' The Times is a great record - if only Prince hadn't released so much junk between 1999 and Sign O' The Times - Tackhead/Mark Stewart was a good show all right, but better than that it was L.O.U.D. - drugs, sex and religion are actually pretty boring to read about - I mean, they're more like participatory sports - artwork in the recent issues is improved - the only Ultra-God who can bring a NEW AGE of TOTAL CONVENIENCE is 7-11: "Not just a store, a way of life" (Henry Rollins) - I guess every local band that could be interviewed or featured has been, hence the shortage of music coverage in recent months - Vancouver appears to get first run European movies even before those of us here in the Maggie Kingdom - how come no mention of Snakefinger's death in the January issue? It was the biggest musical downer of the year - what the fuck does U2 stand for anyway, and why does anybody give a shit about them? I never liked U2, and I'm damned proud of it - no fair limiting record reviews to 50 words: anybody can spew for 50 words. It takes real bile to spew for 300 words - how come no mention of the Smiths' breakup in the January issue? It was the musical upper of the year - I wonder if Nettwerk still has an APB out for me, not that I care.

Keep on churning it out.

Yours in exile

Iain B.
Cambridge,
England.

DUCK WORLD

remove all staples - pull this out - remove all staples - pull this out

Dead

IN THIS ISSUE

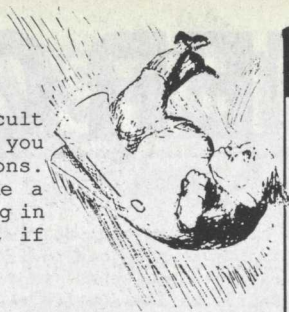
Actually, it's kind of difficult this month. The dead are in turmoil, you see, and they're shaking up the seasons. Suffice it to say, it's really made a mockery of our attempts to keep anything in ORDER. Please read carefully and, if necessary, REMOVE ALL STAPLES!!!!

CONCERT PRESENTATIONS

At press time, only two bills have been lined up for March. The first (Monday, the 7th) Features **Alpha Blondy and the Solar System**, an eleven piece band from Africa's Ivory Coast. Expect an exotic evening at the Commodore. The second features **54-40** and special guests **The Pursuit of Happiness** for two Rockin' evenings at Graceland (Wednesday the ninth, and Thursday, the Tenth).

Otherwise, beware the Jabberwock and may the waning days of this winter of hate treat you just peachy.

MEANWHILE, OUR HERO-ARNOLD-
IS TAKEN ABACK BY THE DAY'S
HEADLINE...



IN THIS ISSUE

DISCORDER

That Magazine from CTR Radio 102

March 1988 • Vol. VI Issue

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CITR Radio 102 broadcasts a 49-watt stereo signal throughout the Vancouver area at 101.9 FM. But for best reception, hook up to the FM cable network. CITR is at 101.9 cable FM on Rogers (Lower Mainland) and Shaw (North Shore) cable systems, but is still at 100.1 on Rogers (Fraser Valley).

Inquiries about CITR, Discorder or the Mobile Sound System can be directed to station manager Harry Hertscheg at 228-3017, between 10 am - 4 pm, Monday to Friday. If you want to talk to the deejay, call 228-2487 or 228-CITR.



MONDAY	TUESDAY	WEDNESDAY	THURSDAY	FRIDAY	SATURDAY
	TEUSDAYS ¹	SNEEZY ²	WATERS ³		
AGAINST THE GRAIN ⁷	FOR ⁸	Strathcona Benefit with WYKHAM PORTEOUS & Guests ⁹	from Toronto THE RHEOSTATICS ¹⁰		
from U.K. CLIVE GREGSON CHRISTINE COLLISTER ¹⁴	TERRA ¹⁵	THE SCRAMBLERS ¹⁶	NETTWERK AFTER ALL ¹⁷	Recording Artists WATERWALK with Guests ¹⁸	
THE PAINKILLERS ²¹	GREENPACE ²²	FLAMENCO ²³	HERESY ²⁴	HERALD ²⁵	NIX ²⁶
from S.F. ESKIMO ²⁸	BENEFITS ²⁹	"FOOLS" Performance Cabaret ³⁰	HUMANE DRUM SOCIETY ³¹		

open at 7:30
mon - sun

SPECIAL EVENTS

TUESDAY 1, 8, 15, 22, 29

Before the Storm, Hen Pals, Waterwalk

MONDAY 7th - Rogue Folk Club presents

(from England) Clive Gregson &

Christine Collister

WEDNESDAY 30th - Performance to Benefit

Fools Society with Humane

Drum Society, Wingnuts & more

SUNDAY EVENTS

6th - Stephen Boswell & Natural Elements

20th - Laurie Lewis (fantastic bluegrass fiddler)

SAVOY

THE SAVOY NIGHTCLUB 6 POWELL ST. 687-0418

THAT MAGAZINE FROM CITR FM 102 MARCH 1988 FREE

THE SCORER

OTTO

